

## A Stranger's Touch

The feeling of his hand around my waist was another thing I couldn't explain. He is a stranger I just met a few minutes ago, I shouldn't be feeling this comfortable around him, right? I shouldn't bother who or what he is, I shouldn't care about this dance after this night. But here I am, finding every thing about him quite interesting.

I was going to fall a million times, but all thanks to him, his hold was way too strong for me to slip off his grip. He held me like any Alpha would hold onto their mate, but at this moment, I wasn't much interested in that. Watching my crush choose my best friend right before my eyes was the only thing that mattered now.

"So tell me, Allison, how did your day go?" He asked.

I chuckled softly with a scoff which accompanied. "My day... my day was fine, but eventually, it hit ruined." I said drunk.

"Wanna talk to me about it, huh?"

I raised my gaze at him, smiling halfway like what he had said was funny. I was actually smiling at the fact that he wanted to hear what really happened, and he was ready to listen to every bit of it.

"I had a crush on him, and it's been months now. I... I have always dreamed about the two of us together, just us and no one else. I had every imagination of him, every thought of mine was all about him. I was physically and mentally going insane all because of this one man I believed was my future.

But here I am, dancing with my stranger and living with the reality that I am never meant to be with the man I loved. You know I should be happy that he chose my friend over to me," I nodded my head, smiling. Then the smile faded, "but I'm not. I am not happy." Tears trickled the corner of my eyes as I blurted out the words. Every bit of it created a hole in my heart, like a permanent hole that can never be closed.

It's so easy to fall in love, but it's not as easy as it feels when you lose it, especially when it's your first love." I don't know why I was telling him all these, but I found myself telling him, and some how, I feel safe and comfortable with him knowing about my love life. Perhaps, it doesn't worth keeping a secret as long as I don't have Logan with me, it feels normal telling every one.

"Like I said earlier, I really don't know much about you, but you don't have to let that be the reason why you're downhearted. Every one gets a heartbreak, it's a normal thing. It's natural, so you ought to expect stuff like that. But let me ask, if you don't mind, you said this Logan of a guy chose your friend over to you?"

I nodded my head dully, the weight of the alcohol still had full control over me.

"Did you ever tell her about the two of you before he discovered she is his mate?" He asked.

"Yes. She is my best friend, so I always told her about my feelings for him and how much I loved him." I shrugged my shoulders. "I never had any second thoughts about her, because I trusted her."

"You over-trusted her, that's why she took the advantage without you noticing."

"I know."

"So now you do, you should know that it's not every thing you ought to tell every one. Learn how to keep secrets and never trust any one." He warned.

I don't need to be told this a thousand times before I understand that I made the greatest mistake trusting my secret in the hands of Selena. It's okay to say forget your love, but it's much more difficult to put it into practice. I was so hurt and I wished he could understand what I am passing through.

He spun me around, pulling me to his chest. My hand touched his chest, and I could feel the muscular texture of his abs. This dude is a devil inside.

My vision was actually at work, I was beginning to see Logan's face. I couldn't control the way I felt, this is actually my first time drinking this much and the weight was too much for me. I was feeling tipsy, all my body needed at the moment was a little massage and a long rest.

It felt so real staring into Logan's eyes as he devoured mine. I held my hand high, placing it on his cheek. "You left me for her, why? Is she more beautiful than I am? What's so special about Selena that I don't have? Is it because I never told you that I loved you? Is it because I never had the chance to sneak out of my home just for your sake?" I rubbed his cheek. "Why would you do this to me?"

He touched my hand. I was expecting he'd take it off, or push me away from him, but rather he held my hand like he needed the touch. My touch.

"So you do love me, and yet you never asked? I wish... I wish I had told you when I had the chance to. None of this would have happened. Please," I sobbed. "Please don't leave me."

"I will never leave you, Allison." He said, his voice giving me hope to believe in his words.

I smiled, my eyes fixed to his lips, seeking for the touch of those soft lips on mine. "Kiss me, Logan, prove to me that you do love me. Prove to me how much you want me."

My body was so hot that I long for nothing but a kiss from the man before me. He held my jaw, raising it a bit high while he leaned closer to grab my lips. But instead of kissing me, he whispered in my ear, "Let's go somewhere else."

I don't know how, but I found us in a room. A dark room for that matter. He turned on the light, but it gave a red color. He was looking into my eyes, and his gaze was doing a marvelous job in creating more desires in me than I already have.

Slowly his hand shifted the collar of my dress, stopping halfway. His hands then went to the back, unzipping the zipper of my gown, giving him chances to freely pull down my gown. He kissed my shoulder, slowly making his way to my collar bone, then up to my neck until his lips finally made it to my lips.

He grabbed it in a devouring way, kissing me like he had for years wanted to have this kiss with me. He was offering to me more than I expected, and I was loving it. I moaned in between the kiss, a soft chuckle played on his lips as he busily kissed me like the world was going to end.

As if that wasn't enough, I could feel his hands working massively around my body, touching me in the most sensitive part of my body, creating irresistible feelings inside of me.

And somehow, I wish I knew, I was on the bed and he was on me, doing justice to our night.